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A LETTER TO LORD TENTERDEN,

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

April 6th, 1829.

My Lord,

I have read the report of your lordship's speech, made on the 4th instant, on the second reading of the Catholic Bill; and there is one passage of it on which I think it my duty thus publicly to remark. The passage to which I allude relates to the *character* of the *Law-established Church*, and also to the probable fate that will, in consequence of this bill, attend her in Ireland.*

Now, with very sincere respect for your Lordship, I do think it my duty to the people of this country, to show that the character which you have given to the Church of England as by *law* established, is not correct; to show that she is not, and never has been, *tolerant in matters of religion;* and is not, and never has been, *favourable to civil liberty.* In short, with most sincere respect for your Lordship, with greater respect for you than I have ever had for any public functionary in England, and with the greatest admiration of your conduct in your high and important office, with all these, I think it my duty *flatly to contradict* your Lordship with regard to the character of this Church, and especially in the two particulars mentioned by you. I do not charge you with insincerity: for why should you not be in error as to this matter, when I know that *twenty or thirty years ago* I myself should, in a similar case, have said just what you have now said on this subject? Nevertheless, it being error, and gross error too, and I *knowing it to be error*, I am bound, in duty to my readers, to expose the error; and I am the more strictly bound, because this error coming from you, is the more likely to be widely spread.

First, then, my Lord, let us take your proposition, "that there is no Church so tolerant as this." I am sure your Lordship has never read her history; I am sure you have not; if you had, you never would have uttered these words. Not being content to deal in general terms, I will *not* say that she has been, and was from her outset, the most intolerant Church that the world ever saw; that she started at first, armed with halters, ripping-knives, axes, and racks; that her footsteps were marked with the blood, while her back bent under the plunder of her innumerable innocent victims; and that for refinement in cruelty, and extent of rapacity, she never had an equal, whether corporate or sole. I will not thus speak of her in general terms, but will lay before your Lordship some historical *facts*, to make good that *contradiction* which I have given to your words. I assert that this Law-Church is the most intolerant Church I ever read or heard of; and this assertion I now proceed to make good.

This Church began to *exist* in 1547, and in the reign of Edward VI. Until now the religion of the country had been for several years under the tyrant Henry VIII. a sort of mongrel; but now it became wholly Protestant by law. The Articles of Religion and the Common Prayer-book were now drawn up, and were established by Acts of Parliament. The Catholic altars were pulled down in all the Churches; the priests, on pain of ouster and fine, were compelled to teach the new religion, that is to say, to be apostates; and the people who had been born and bred Catholics were not only punished if they heard mass, but were also punished if they did not go to hear the new parsons; that is to say, if they refused to become apostates. The people, smarting under this tyranny, rose in insurrection in several parts, and, indeed, all over the country. They complained that they had been robbed of their religion, and of the relief to the poor which the old Church gave; and they demanded that the mass and the monasteries should be restored, and that the priests should not be allowed to marry. And how were they answered? The bullet and bayonet at the hand of German troops slaughtered a part, caused another part to be hanged, another part to be imprisoned and flog-

*Here follows a long extract from Lord Tenterden's speech, which it is unnecessary to reprint.

ged, and the remainder to submit, outwardly at least, to the LAW-CHURCH); and now mark this tolerant and merciful Church), many of the old monastics and priests, who had been expelled from their convents and livings, were compelled to beg their bread about the country, and they thus found subsistence among the pious Catholics. This was an eye-sore to the LAW-CHURCH, who deemed the very existence of these men who had refused to apostatize, a libel on her. Therefore, in company, actually in company with the law that founded the new Church, came forth a law to punish beggars, by burning them in the face with a red-hot iron, and by making them slaves for two years, with power in their masters to make them wear an iron collar. Your Lordship must have read this Act of Parliament, passed in the first year of the first Protestant reign, and coming forth in company with the Common Prayer-book. This was tolerant work, to be sure; and fine proof we have here of this Church being "favourable to civil and religious liberty." Not content with stripping these faithful Catholic priests of their livings; not content with turning them out upon the wide world, this tolerant Church must cause them to perish with hunger, or to be branded slaves.

Such was the tolerant spirit of this Church when she was young. As to her burnings under Cranmer (who made the Prayer-book), they are hardly worthy of particular notice, when we have before us the sweeping cruelties of this first Protestant reign, during which, short as it was, the people of England suffered so much that the suffering actually thinned their numbers; it was a people partly destroyed, and that too in the space of about six years; and this is acknowledged even in Acts of Parliament of that day. But this LAW-CHURCH was established in reality during the reign of old Bess, which lasted forty-five years; that is, from 1558 to 1603; and though this Church has always kept up its character, even to the present day, its deeds during this long reign are the most remarkable.

Bess (the shorter the name the better), established what she called *a court of high commission*, consisting chiefly of *bishops* of your Lordship's "*most tolerant* Church," in order to punish all who did not conform to her religious creed, she being "*the head of the Church.*" This commission were empowered to have control over the *opinions* of all men, to punish all men according to their *discretion, short of death.* They had power to extort evidence by the *prison* or by the *rack.* They had power to compel a man *(on oath)* to *reveal his thoughts*, and to *accuse himself, his friend, brother, parent, wife*, or *child*; and this, too, on *pain of death.* These monsters, in order to *discover priests*, and to crush the old religion, *fined, imprisoned, racked*, and did such things as would have made Nero shudder to think of. They sent hundreds to the *rack* in order to get from them confessions, *on which confessions many of them were put to death.*

I have not room to make even an enumeration of the deeds of religious persecution of this long and bloody reign; but I will state a few of them.

1. It was *death* to make a new Catholic priest within the kingdom.

2. It was *death* for a Catholic priest to come into the kingdom from abroad.

3. It was *death* to harbour a Catholic priest coming from abroad.

4. It was *death* to confess to such a priest.

5. It was *death* for any priest to say mass.

6. It was *death* for any one to hear mass.

7. It was *death* to *deny*, or *not to swear*, if called on, that this woman was the head of the Church of Christ.

8. It was an offence (punishable by heavy fine) *not to go to the Protestant Church.* This fine was £20 *a lunar month*, or £250 a-year, and of our present money £3,250 a-year. Thousands upon thousands refused to go to the Law-Church; and thus the *head* of the Church sacked thousands upon thousands of estates! The poor conscientious Catholics who refused to go to the "most tolerant" Church, and who had no money to pay fines, were crammed into the gaols, until the counties petitioned to be relieved from the expense of keeping them. They were then discharged, being first publicly whipped, and having their ears bored with a red-hot iron. But this very great "toleration" not answering the purpose, an act was passed to banish for life all these non-goers to Church, if they were not worth twenty pounds; and, in case of return, they were to be punished with death.

I am, my Lord, not making loose assertions here; I am all along stating from Acts of Parliament, and the above form a small sample of the whole; and this your Lordship must know well. I am not declaiming, but relating undeniable facts; and with facts of the same character, with a *bare list*, made in the above manner, I could fill a considerable volume. The names of the persons put to death merely for *being Catholics*, during this long and bloody reign, would, especially if we were to include Ireland, form a list ten times as long as that of *our* army and navy, both taken together. The usual mode of inflicting death was to hang the victim for a short time, just to benumb his or her faculties; then cut down and instantly rip open the belly,

and *tear out the heart*, and hold it up, fling the bowels into a fire, then chop off the head, and cut the body into quarters, then *boil* the head and quarters, and then hang them up at the gates of cities, or other conspicuous places. This was done, including Ireland, to many hundreds of persons, merely for adhering to the Church in which they had been born and bred. There were ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN *ripped up and boiled* in England in the years from 1577 to 1603; that is to say, in the last twenty-six years of Bess's reign; and these might all have been spared if they would have agreed to go to Church and *hear* the Common Prayer! All, or nearly all, of them were racked before they were put to death; and the cruelties in prison, and the manner of execution, were the most horrible that can be conceived. They were flung into dungeons, and kept in their filth, and fed on bullock's liver, boiled but unwashed tripe, and such things as dogs are fed on. Edward Genings, a priest, detected in saying *mass* in Holborn, was after sentence of death offered his pardon if he would go to church; but having refused to do this, and having at the place of execution boldly said, that he would die a thousand deaths rather than acknowledge the Queen to be the spiritual *head* of the Church, Topliffe, the attorney-general, ordered the rope to be cut the moment the victim was turned off, "so that" (says the historian), "the priest, being little or nothing stunned, stood on his feet, casting his eyes towards heaven, till the hangman tripped up his heels, and flung him on the block, where he was ripped up and quartered." He was so much alive, even after the bowelling, that he cried with a loud voice, "Oh! it smarts!" And then he exclaimed, "*Sancta Gregoria, ora pro me:*" while the hangman having sworn a most wicked oath, "Zounds! his heart is in my hand, and yet Gregory is in his mouth!"

The tolerance of the Law-Church was shown towards women as well as towards men. There was a Mrs. Ward, who, for assisting a priest to escape from prison (the crime of that priest being saying mass), was imprisoned, flogged, racked, and finally hanged, ripped up, and quartered. She was executed at Tyburn, on the 30th of August, 1588. At her trial the judges asked if she had done the thing laid to her charge. She said "Yes!" and that she was happy to reflect that she had been the means of "delivering that innocent lamb from the hands of those bloody wolves." They in vain endeavoured to terrify her into a confession relative to the place whither the priest was gone: and when they found threats unavailing, they promised her pardon if she would go to Church; but she answered, that she would lose many lives if she had them, rather than acknowledge that heretical Church. They, therefore, treated her very savagely, ripped her up while in her senses, and made a mockery of her naked quarters.

There was a Mrs. Clithero pressed to death at York, in the year 1586. She was a lady of good family, and her crime was relieving and harbouring priests. She refused to plead, that she might not tell a lie, nor expose others to danger. She was, therefore, pressed to death, in the following manner. She was laid on the floor, on her back. Her hands and feet were bound down as close as possible. Then a great door was laid upon her, and many hundred weights placed upon that door. Sharp stones were put under her back, and the weights pressing upon her body, first broke her ribs, and finally, though by no means quickly, extinguished life. Before she was laid on the floor, Fawcett, the sheriff, commanded her to be stripped naked, when she, with four women who accompanied her, requested him, on their knees, for the honour of womanhood, that this might be dispensed with; but he refused. Her husband was forced to flee the country; her little children, who wept for their dear and good mother, were taken up, and being questioned concerning their religious belief, and answering as they had been taught by her, were severely whipped, and the eldest, who was but twelve years old, was cast into prison.

Need I go on, my Lord? Twenty large volumes, allotting only one page to each case, would not, if we were to include Ireland, contain an account of those who have fallen victims to their refusal to conform to this "most tolerant Church in the world." Nay, a hundred volumes, each volume being 500 pages, and one page allowed to each victim, would not suffice for the holding of this bloody record. Short of death by ripping up, there were, *death* by martial law, *death* in prison, and this in cases without number, banishment and loss of estate. Doctor Bridgewater, in a table published by him at the end of the *Concertatio Ecclesiæ Catholicæ*, gives the names of about twelve hundred who had suffered in this way, before the year 1588; that is to say, before the great heat of the "tolerance." In this list there are 21 bishops, 120 monastics, 13 deans, 14 archdeacons, 60 prebendaries, 530 priests, 49 doctors of divinity, 18 doctors of law, 15 masters of colleges, 8 earls, 10 barons, 26 knights, 326 gentlemen, 60 ladies and gentlewomen. Many of all those, and, indeed, the greater part of them died in prison, and several of them died while under sentence of death.

There, my Lord, I do not think that you will question the truth of this statement: and if you

cannot, I hope you will allow, that no lover of truth and justice ought to be silent while reports of speeches are circulating, calling this "the *most tolerant* Church in the world." But, my Lord, why need I, in addressing myself to you on this subject, do more than refer you to the cruel, the savage, the bloody penal code? Leaving poor half-murdered Ireland out of the question, what have I to do, in answer to your praises of this Church, and your assertion as to its tolerance, but to request you to remember the enactments in the following Acts of old Bess, the head and the establisher of this Church? Stat. chap. 1 and 2; Stat. v. chap. 1; Stat. xii. chap. 2; Stat. xxiii. chap. 1; Stat. xxvii. chap. 2; Stat. xxix. chap. 6; Stat. xxxv. chap. 1; Stat. xxxv. chap. 2. What have I to do, my Lord, but to request you to look at, or rather, to call to mind those laws of plunder and of blood; *fine, fine, fine; banish, banish, banish;* or *death, death, death* in every line? Your Lordship knows that this is true: you know that all these horrors, all this hellish tyranny, that the whole arose out of a desire to make this Protestant Church predominant. How, then, can this Protestant Church be called "the most tolerant in the world." I have here given a mere sample of the doings of this Law-Church. I have not taken your Lordship to Ireland, half-murdered Ireland; nor have I even hinted at many acts done in England during Bess's reign, each of which would have excited the indignation of every virtuous man on earth; but I must not omit to mention two traits of tolerance in this Church: First, Edward VI. was advised to *bring his sister Mary to trial*, and, of course, to punishment, for not conforming to the Law-Church; and she was saved only by the menaces of her cousin, the Emperor Charles V. Second, when Mary, Queen of Scotland, had been condemned to die, she, though she earnestly sued for it, was not allowed to have a priest to perform the religious offices deemed so necessary in such cases. They brought the Protestant Dean of Peterborough to pray by or with her; but she would not hear him. When her head fell from the block the Dean exclaimed: "So let our Queen's enemies perish!" And the Earl of Kent responded "Amen." Baker in his Chronicle, p. 273, says, that the death of this Queen was earnestly desired, because "that if she lived, the religion received in England could not subsist."

This Church has been no *changeling;* she has been of the same character from the day of her establishment to the present hour; in Ireland her deeds have surpassed those of Mahomet; but it would take a large volume to put down a bare list of her intolerant deeds. She at last, however, seems to be nearly at the end of her tether; the nation has always been making sacrifices to her haughty predominance. Boulogne and Calais were the first sacrifices; *poor-rates*, and an *enormous debt*, and a *standing army*, and a *civil list* have followed; all, yea all, to be ascribed to the predominance of this Church, and her haughty spirit of ascendency. But now the nation has made so many and such great sacrifices to her, that *it can make no more.* It cannot venture on *another civil war* (about the *twentieth*), in order to support the ascendancy of this Church; and be you assured, my Lord, that that hierarchy in Ireland, to uphold which you seem so very anxious, is not much longer to be upheld by any power on earth, seeing that all the miseries of Ireland, all of them, without a single exception, are to be traced directly to that hierarchy; and in these miseries *England sees terrific danger.*

The case is very plain. The opponents of the Catholic Bill say, We dislike it, because it exposes the Church, and especially *the Irish Church*, to imminent *danger.* The answer of the Duke is, I cannot prevent this danger without *risking a civil war;* and the State *cannot afford that.* The Law-Church might reply, Why there have been many, many civil wars carried on for the purpose of upholding my ascendancy; but to that the Duke might rejoin, Very true; but we have now a paper-money-system (also made to uphold you), *which cannot live in civil war*, and the death of which may produce that of the State itself; and, therefore, you must be now left to support your ascendancy by your talents, piety, zeal, charity, humility, and sound doctrine. This is the true state of the case, my Lord, and, therefore, unless the Church can support itself by these means, it is manifestly destined to fall.

I am
Your Lordship's most humble and
Most obedient Servant,
Wm. Cobbett.

From the remotest ages, as far back as history enables us to trace the practices of men, we find fasting mentioned as a salutary practice, both for mental discipline and for regeneration of the animal powers. The early institutions of the Jews had, superadded to their penitential object, the additional merit of preserving health of body. Their forbidding pork and other luscious meats, called unclean from their gross effect on the body, as well as their numerous fasts and ablutions, had all of them a tendency to keep pure the animal juices, and render the frame fit for labour both of body and of mind. Perhaps to these sacred institutions we may trace that look of health and personal beauty so often remarked in Jewish children, and in those persons in general in all countries who observe fasts and ablutions.

He who knows how to govern well a large family, may govern a kingdom. This may appear paradoxical, but assuredly it is by means of the same spirit of order, wisdom, and firmness that we govern a hundred persons or a hundred thousand.

DR. FORSTER'S ADVICE.

Of the extraordinary Power of Mind with which Men are endowed who observe Fasting and Austerity—Various Examples in all the Sciences—Consequences of the Reverse Habits.

No. IV.

BEFORE I detail the varied learning of the religious orders, I must remind the reader that they were men bound by vows to live regular lives; that they were obliged to say offices, out of their breviaries, at stated times of day; besides the singing or hearing mass, vespers, and other public services; so that they had their day filled up as it were, and had, comparatively, little time left for exercise, recreation, and the indulgence in scientific labours. And yet with all this regular work on their hands, which they were bound to perform, the cloistered monks, and even the Jesuits living in the world, have produced more ponderous folios of really literary, scientific, and useful information than any other set of men whatever, as I shall be able to prove: but while I am proving it by example, let me beg of the reader to keep in mind, that they rose early, lived hard, avoided general indulgence, fasted and abstained periodically, and for the performance of the rest, trusted without morbid anxiety, to habits of industry, and to that perseverance which is produced by a consciousness of a worthy motive.

Let us first take music, for it happens to occur to me, having just stumbled on those great prodigies in the history of music—the folio volumes of Father Kircher, and of the Friar Mersennus—from which, in fact, Sir John Hawkins and Dr. Burney took most of their observations on ancient music. In looking carefully over these books I was astonished, not only at the body of learning which they contained, but at its arrangement, and the compendious introduction to the science of sound; particularly in Kircher's great work the *Musurgia Universalis*, wherein he not only describes and figures the ancient instruments of every sort, including a complete Campanalogia, but gives us a metaphysical treatise on harmonics, and begins with the anatomy of the parts of the ear; descending to the minutest particular, and describing and drawing the small bones of the ears of various animals. The lore of this work, which is the great prototype of all subsequent treatises on music, is immense; yet it was only the product of the hours of recreation of F. Kircher, a learned member of the Society of Jesus, in the 16th century. He wrote it in Latin, and it was printed at Rome during the Jubilee, in 1650. Mersennus, a Franciscan Friar, gives us much additional matter: his book is entitled *Harmonie Universelle*, and was published in folio, at Paris, in 1636. Both these men had their time, as I have described, broken in upon by the hours of their respective rules. Before them, St. Gregory invented what is called the Gregorian Chant, afterwards so universally adopted; he composed music; and also reformed the calendar, a work requiring great mathematical and astronomical knowledge. His Sacramentary is also a wonderful work. He reformed also the Missal, and did other learned things; and yet he had all the hours of a monk to observe, and the laborious office of Pope to go through, filling the pontifical chair till the year 604.

Let us now turn to classical literature: we shall find not only that, had it not been for the monastery libraries, the classical authors would have been lost to us, but that all the best editions were collated, revised, and prepared for publication by the monks; and that they were afterwards castigated and made fit for the use of schools by the Jesuits. But I need hardly swell the catalogue of particulars. We cannot open any work of the history of the sciences and arts, but what we find the traces of monkish learning and energy. We find bells invented by St. Paulinus, clocks by another monk, printing by a third, painted glass by a fourth, gothic architecture by other religious devotees; and so we might go on. And yet these are the men whom the lying tongues of mendacious protestant libellers call the "idle, dirty, and dissolute monks." The truth is, that under the patronage of the catholic church, with the stimulus to energy afforded by her enchanting doctrines, supplying as they did the defects of human nature, all the arts of life flourished, and were brought to perfection: hence, what we call the "age of painting," the "age of sculpture," and so on; and though I am ready to admit, with the pious moralist, the exhilirating effects produced by faith, hope, and charity on the mind, as contradistinguished from the enervating influence of protestant doubts, despair, and cupidity; yet, as a physician, I cannot help ascribing the wonderful efforts of human ingenuity in former times, in great measure, to their habits of early rising, austerity, and abstinence. But it is time to consider of the medicine and botany of the early ages, on which all our modern professional knowledge is founded. I shall, however, first call the reader's mind to the subject of the mental quality of Attention; as on it depend the principal causes of discovery, and of useful inventions.

Of Attention.—If I walk into the country early in the morning, having long spent my time in town, and remain abroad a whole day, a hundred sounds and sights arrest my senses and command my attention, which the swink hind, who is accustomed to them, and whose attention is directed to objects of his immediate wants, does neither hear nor see, at least, to his knowledge. The burst of morning light, and the beautiful tints of the clouds, to him are unseen; to me they are striking objects; the cock, who is a herald of the morning, the matin bell, the mower's scythe, the song of the milkmaid, and as day advances, the hum of the bee among the flowers, the noontide chimes, and the curfew at the fall of day, besides lowing herds and the bleating of the wattled flocks, are all striking objects of attention on first going into the country, which wear off, in ordinary minds, by degrees; but in certain geniuses, as painters, poets, and men of taste, these beauties of Nature always command notice; and excellence in the arts consists in that power over the attention, whereby we can hold them long in mental review, so as to describe, explain, and represent them. In lively and over-gifted poetical minds the defect is found to be, that such objects of sense obtrude too much, and lead the mind away from more ordinary business, producing what is called distraction, which is the reverse of recollectedness. Now, in all these cases, the great thing to acquire is a habit of controlling the faculty of attention, and this power over the direction of the mind I find to be particularly impaired by sensuality of every kind, whether it consist in sexual indulgence, or in the luxuries of the table. The defect complained of increases with age, and hence it happens, that senility sooner becomes a second childhood in effeminate and debauched persons, than it does in austere, self-commanding, and well-disciplined minds. Hence it happens also, that native talent is so often spoiled in early life, and that genuises become idle, because they have enfeebled their minds by indulgence, and lost that moral control which is necessary to perfection. Men of genius are, now-a-days, proverbially idle, and it is from this cause that discipline has been relaxed, and abstemiousness given way to indulgence. And it will be found that it is only in those rare cases in which industry and talent have been united by the powerful efforts of the will, in a well-regulated mind, that real excellence and true greatness of character have been produced.

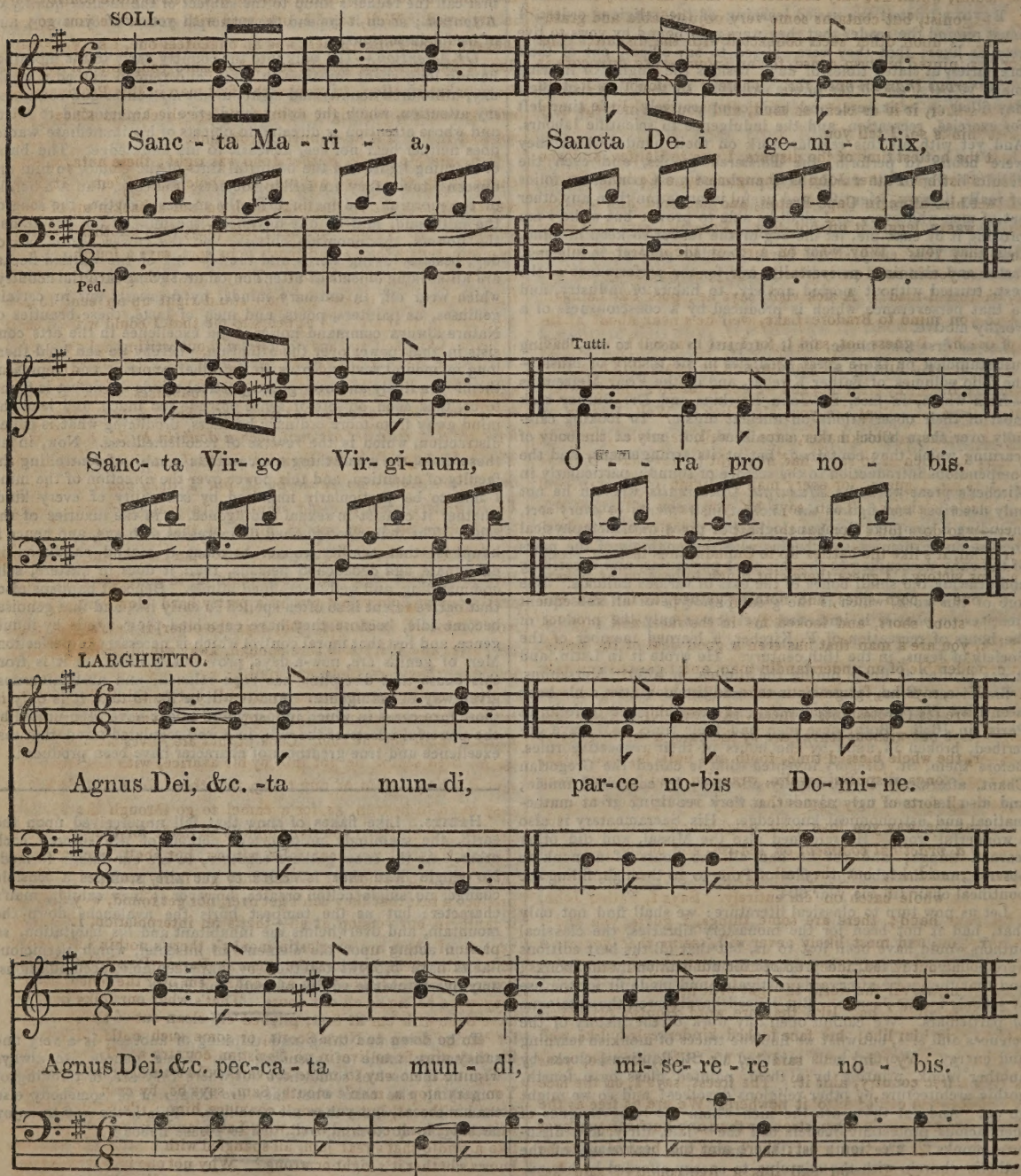
HABITS. Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant actions of life succeed each other. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change, no single action creates, however it may exhibit, man's character: but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptable accumulations, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

To be doing one thing and thinking of another, is a very unsatisfactory mode of spending life. Some people are always wishing themselves somewhere but where they are, or thinking of something else than what they are doing, or of somebody else than those to whom they are speaking. This is the way to enjoy nothing, to do nothing well, and to please nobody.

There are cases in which a man would be ashamed not to be imposed on. There is a confidence necessary to human intercourse, and without which men are often more injured by their suspicions than they could be by the perfidy of others.

LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

PASTORALE. (ALEXANDER PECKET, Scarboro'.)


SOLI.
Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a, Sancta De- i ge- ni - trix,
Ped.
Tutti.
Sanc- ta Vir- go Vir- gi- num, O - ra pro no - bis.
LARGHETTO.
Agnus Dei, &c. -ta mun- di, par-ce no-bis Do- mi- ne.
Agnus Dei, &c. pec-ca - ta mun - di, mi- se- re - re no - bis.

The "Sancta Maria" should be sung with two trebles, and all the voices, "Ora pro nobis."
The "Agnus Dei" with three voices, and all the voices, "Miserere nobis."

MR. SAM SLICK ABOUT CONTROVERSY.

WHILE uttering this soliloquy, Mr. Slick took up a pamphlet from the table, and turning to the title page, said, have you ever seen this here book on the 'Elder Controversy?' I am told all the pamphlets are exceptionable in point of temper, and this one in particular, which not only ascribes the most unworthy motives to its antagonist, but contains some very unjustifiable and gratuitous attacks upon other sects connected with the dispute. The author has injured his own cause, for an *intemperate advocate is more dangerous than an open foe.* There is no doubt on it, said the Clockmaker, it is as clear as mud, and you are not the only one that thinks so, I tell you.

About the hottest time of the dispute, I was to Halifax, and who should I meet but Father John O'Shaughnessy, a Catholic Priest. I had met him afore in Cape Breton, and had sold him a clock. Well, he was a leggin it off hot foot. Possible! says I, Father John, is that you? Why, what on airth is the matter of you—what makes you in such an everlastin hurry, driving away like one ravin, distracted mad? A sick visit, says he; poor Pat Lanigan, him that you mind to Bradore Lake, well he's near about at the pint of death. I guess not, said I, for I jist hear tell he was dead. Well, that brought him up all standin, and he bouts ship in a jiffy, and walks a little way with me, and we got a talkin about this very subject. Says he, What are you, Mr. Slick? Well, I looks up to him and winks, A Clockmaker, says I; well, he smiled, and says he, I see; as much as to say I had'nt ought to have axed that are question at all, I guess, for every man's religion is his own, and nobody else's business. Then, says he, you know all about this country—who does folks say has the best of the dispute? Says I, Father John, it's like the battles up to Canada lines last war, each side claims victory; I guess there aint much to brag on nary way, damage done on both sides, and nothing gained, as far as I can larn. He stopt short, and looked me in the face, and says he, Mr. Slick, you are a man that has seen a good deal of the world, and a considerable of an understandin man, and I guess I *can* talk to *you.* Now, says he, for gracious sake do jist look here, and see how you heretics (Protestants I mean, says he—for I guess that are word slipt out without leave) are by the ears, a drivin away at each other, the whole blessed time, tooth and nail, hip and thigh, hammer and tongs, disputin, revelin, wranglin, and beloutin each other, with all sorts of ugly names that they can lay their tongues to. Is that the way you love your neighbour as yourself? *We say this is a practical comment on schism,* and by the powers of Moll Kelly, said he, but they all ought to be well lambasted together, the whole batch on 'em entirely. Says I, Father John, give me your hand; there are some things, I guess, you and I don't agree on, and most likely never will, seeing that you are a Popish priest; but in that idee I do opinionate with you, and I wish with all my heart, all the world thought with us.

I guess he did'nt half like that are word *Popish* priest; it seemed to grig him like; his face looked kinder ryled, like well water after a heavy rain; and said he, Mr. Slick, says he, your country is a free country, aint it? The freest, says I, on the face of the airth—you can't 'ditto' it nowhere. We are as free as the air, and when our dander's up, stronger than any hurrican you ever seed—tear up all creation most; there aint the beat of it to be found any where. Do you call this a free country? said he. Pretty considerable middlin, says I, seein that they are under a king. Well, says he, if you were seen in Connecticut a shakin hands along with a Popish priest, as you are pleased to call me, (and he made me a bow, as much as to say, mind your trumps the next deal) as you now are in the streets of Halifax along with me, with all your crackin and boastin of your freedom, I guess, you wouldn't sell a clock agin in that State for one while, I tell you—and he bid me good mornin and turned away. Father John! says I.—I can't stop, says he; I must see that poor critter's family; they must be in great trouble, and a sick visit is afore controversy in my creed. Well, says I, one word with you afore you go; if that are name Popish priest was an ongenteel one, I ax your pardon; I did'nt mean no offence, I do assure you, and I'll say this for your satisfaction, tu, you're the first man in this Province that ever gave me a real right down complete checkmate since I first sot foot in it. I'll be skinned if you aint.

Yes, said Mr. Slick, Father John was right; these antagonizing chaps ought to be well quilted, the whole raft of 'em. It fairly makes me sick to see the folks, each on 'em a backin up of their own man. At it agin, says one; fair play, says another; stick it into him, says a third; and that's your sort, says a fourth. Them are the folks who do mischief. They show such clear grit it fairly frightens me. It makes my hair stand right up an eend to see ministers do that are. It appears to me that I could write a book in favour of myself and my notions, without writing agin any one, and if I couldn't I would'nt write at all, I snore. *Writin only aggravates your opponents, and never convinces them. I never see'd a convart made by that way yet; but I'll tell you what I have see'd, a man set his own flock a doubtin by his owe writin. You may happify your enemies, cantankerate your opponents, and injure your own cause by it, but I defy you to sarve it.* These writers, said our old minister, (a real good man, and a larned man too) put me in mind of that are boxer's pupils. He would sometimes set two on 'em to spar; well, they'd put on their gloves and begin, larfin and jokin all in good humour. Presently one on 'em would put in a pretty hard blow; well, t'other would return it in airnest. Oh, says the other, if that's your play, off gloves and at it; and sure enough, away would fly their gloves, and at it they'd go tooth and nail.

No, Sam, the misfortin is, we are all apt to think Scriptur intended for our neighbors, and not for ourselves. The poor all think it made for the rich. Look at that are Dives they say, what an ell fired scrape he got into by his avarice, with Lazarus; and aint it writ as plain as any thing, that them folks will find it as easy to go to heaven, as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. Well, then, the rich think it all made for the poor—that they shan't steal nor bear false witness, but shall be obedient to them that's in authority. When they get fairly stumped, and you produce a text that they can't get over, nor get round, why they say it tante in our version at all—that's an interpolation, it's an invention of them are everlastin monks'; there's nothin left for you to do with them, but to sarve them as Parson Possit detailed the boxer—lay right hold of 'em and chuck 'em over the fence, even if they were as big as all out doors. That's what our folks ought to have done with 'em at first, pitched 'em clean out of the state, and let 'em go down to Nova Scotia, or some such outlandish place, for they aint fit to live in no Christian country at all.

Fightin is no way to make convarts; *the true way is to win 'em.* You may stop a man's mouth, Sam, says he, by crammin a book down his throat, but you won't convince him. It's a fine thing to write a book all covered over with Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew, like a bridle that's real jam, all spangled with brass nails, but who knows whether it's right or wrong? Why not one in ten thousand. Mind what I tell you Sam, when you go a tradin with your clocks away down east to Nova Scotia, and them wild provinces, keep a bright look out on them as cant too much, *for a long face* is plaguy apt to *cover a long conscience*—that's a fact.

PLAGUE AT MILAN.

CHAPTER V.

Of the means which St. Charles used for the spiritual aid of the sick.

[Continued from page 88.]

What St. Charles had most at heart in the time of the plague, was the eternal salvation of the sick; and although he forgot nothing which might assist them in their corporal wants, he thought much more of the wants of their souls, and sought for all possible means to lead them to their last end, which is eternal life. He inquired every day in his visits, if those who were placed in the hospitals in the city to instruct and administer the Sacrament, were careful in doing their duty. And having built houses outside the city, he required more Priests to attend to them, those of the city not being able to leave it; he had, therefore, recourse to the monks, having obtained from Rome the power of employing them. Before undertaking any thing he assembled the superiors and religious of the monasteries who were capable of hearing confessions, and gave them an eloquent discourse to dispose them to assist him. He spoke to them from his heart, a heart full of zeal and charity, or rather it was the Spirit of God which spoke by the mouth of St. Charles; and as Divine grace spoke at the same time to the hearts of the greatest number, twenty-eight replied what Isaias had formerly spoken, "*Ecce ego mitte me.*" Here I am, send me. These good religious having presented themselves at once ready to expose themselves to the peril of death for the succour of the sick, the holy Cardinal embraced them, and prescribed to them the manner in which they were to conduct themselves. Several more came day after day to offer themselves for the same ministry, and by this means he provided for all the spiritual wants of these houses and of the city. Many seculars, both men and women, were so touched by the powerful exhortations of the holy Pastor, that they offered themselves through a pure motive of charity to serve the sick in the houses above mentioned, or any where that he thought necessary. One circumstance must be mentioned which is worthy of being eternally remembered. The plague was in a house opposite to the windows of the Archbishop's palace; from whence could be seen three sick persons in one bed, two were already dead, and the third, a girl of ten or eleven years old, was near expiring; there was no one but their mother in the room, who fearing to catch the evil, did not dare to approach the bed, to assist this poor child. St. Charles having been told of it, and having himself observed the pitiable state of the child, was moved with compassion, and sent a Sister of St. Ursula, who had offered herself to serve the sick. This charitable Sister entered the room, she took the child from between the two corpses—through her charity the child became better, but the next day relapsing, and being in extremity, as this charitable Sister was disposing her to die a holy death, she expressed a wish to receive once more the blessing of the holy Cardinal The generous and holy Sister took her immediately in her arms, and begged St. Charles to come to his window. He was at table, and rose immediately and gave his benediction. It seemed at the moment that this child received a new life, and although she was not immediately restored to perfect health, she strengthened so much that she was taken to one of the houses for the sick, and was soon entirely cured.

St. Charles publishes a jubilee, ana orders prayers for the souls of those who had died, and gives thanks to God for delivering them from the plague.

St. Charles was extremely afflicted to find that the plague still continued amongst his dear flock; for besides the present time, he feared that it would make dreadful havoc in the summer heat. But what troubled him most was, that the anger of God was not yet appeased. In order to deliver them from the evils with which they were threatened, he obtained from Rome a Jubilee, to endeavour to purify their souls, to render them pure and agreeable to God, and worthy to be spared this dreadful scourge. He published this by a Pastoral Letter, in which he made known to his people the effects he expected from it, and exhorted them to labour in earnest to change their lives, and to dispose themselves to receive worthily this spiritual treasure. He then had three ordinary Processions prescribed every day with admirable zeal, and urged his people to make every effort to obtain from God a true conversion at so propitious a time.

After the feast of St. Martin he reflected, that many of those who had died of the plague had perhaps left no one behind them to pray for them. Moved with a charity truly paternal, he had three solemn offices celebrated for the repose of their souls in the cathedral and other churches. When Christians arrived, although there was still some fear in Milan, that the plague would break out again in the spring, there having been too little care to expose the furniture and clothing to the air, it was easy to perceive the manifest effects of the mercy of God on this city, and on all the diocese; for the contagion was over. The holy Cardinal, who, by a divine light, was assured of this grace, proposed to the magistrates to publish the deliverance of the city. He composed a book, which might serve as a rule for every one to lead a holy life; the day of sin being passed away, and that of grace being arrived, when every one ought to begin a new life with renewed fervour; then he published a Pastoral Letter, in which he tried to impress upon his people the strict obligation they were under, of showing their gratitude to God by leading a holy life. He occupied the clergy and the people during several days in divers exercises of piety, in thanksgiving to God. He ordered three general processions, when he made several exhortations with an admirable zeal, and a charity truly episcopal. The last day after the procession, he began the forty hours' prayers in the cathedral, during which time he never left the church; and at every hour he made a

short exhortation, to excite the people to devotion and fervour. He ordered the same to be done in all the parishes of his diocese. In one of his exhortations he assured the people, that God had entirely extinguished the scourge of the plague in the city and diocese of Milan. Many of his hearers were astonished at this, knowing that some places were still suspected of the infection; but the event proved the truth of his words, and that he had had a particular revelation from God; for it was found that the plague had ceased every where at the same time. He himself said that this deliverance was miraculous, and came solely from God. In one of his books, addressing the people, he says, "Never let the memory of this benefit which you have received from God in so miraculous a way, be lost to your minds, and remember it every day of your lives." He says again, "God did not grant our prayers at first, in order to show us that it was in vain to trust in human prudence only; that this scourge came from Him, and that it was from Him we must seek for deliverance; and if he did not grant it to us immediately, it was to give us more time to do penance and to be converted."

Every one thought that God had granted the deliverance of the city to the prayers of St. Charles, and that the holy Archbishop had turned away the wrath of God by his continual austerities. He was so grateful for this deliverance, that not content with what we have related, he wrote to all his bishops, to beg them to return thanks to God.

The deliverance of the city of Milan from the plague was no sooner published, than commerce was re-established, and the city seemed as well peopled as if the plague had not made its ravages there. There were not so many persons perished at this time as in 1524, when the plague was in Milan. The people therefore acknowledged their obligation to the Archbishop, who, by the generous zeal with which he had exposed himself, had often prevented the progress of it, and had obtained from God the cessation of the evil by his holy prayers.

PRIDE OF MAN.

1. 2. We are not satisfied with the life which we possess, which we really lead; we want to lead also an imaginary life in the opinion of others: and we strive incessantly to embellish and to preserve this imaginary life while we neglect the real one. If we are really gifted with equanimity, with generosity, with truth, we are anxious to make it known in order that others may endow with these virtues the image which we have led them to form of us; we had rather be without them ourselves than that it should want them: for example, we would willingly be cowards in reality rather than not have the reputation of being brave. What a proof this is of the nothingness of our being, that we are not satisfied with it, and would even give it up for the sake of being thought more than we are! for a man would be deemed base-minded who would not rather die than lose his honour. Indeed, the love of glory is so great that people prize whatever confers it, even death.

3. 4. 5. Pride outweighs all our misfortunes; for it leads us either to hide them, or else to show them and boast that we are aware of them. It is so natural to us amid all our littleness and our doubts, that we gladly sacrifice our lives so that we may get praised for doing so. Vanity, too, is so rooted in the heart of man, that a turnspit, a scullion, a sweep boasts, and wants to have his admirers. Aye, and philosophers want to have them, too. Those who write against fame, want to have the fame of writing well; and those who read, want to have the fame of having read: and I, who am writing this, perhaps I have the same wish, and so perhaps those who read it will have.

6. A very little thing consoles us, because a very little thing casts us down.

7. 8. Amid all our wretchedness which we feel, which grapples with us, we have an instinct which raises us up, and which we cannot repress. We are so presumptuous that we would wish the whole world to hear of us and to applaud us, and we are so vain that the esteem of five or six neighbours amuses and satisfies us.

9. Curiosity is nothing but vanity. Most frequently people only wish to know, that they may talk about it. People would not take long voyages if they were never to speak of them, for the sole pleasure of seeing without a hope of ever talking of them to any one.

10. People do not wish to be well thought of in towns which they only pass through: but they do wish it when they are to live there some time. How long?—a time proportioned to our vain and trifling existence.

11. We never heed the present time. We anticipate the future as if it were too slow and we could hasten it, or else we dwell upon the past as if it had gone too quickly. We are so imprudent that our thoughts wander over the time which we cannot control, and do not heed that which belongs to us: and so vain that, while we are thinking of time which does not exist, we allow that which really is, to escape unheeded. The reason is, that it is mostly the present time which aggrieves us. We hide it from us because it pains us: or if it chance to be pleasant, we are sorry to see it slipping away. We think we will make up for it by-and-by; and we settle to do things which are beyond our power at a future time which we have no certainty of seeing. Let each one examine his thoughts: he will find them always bent upon the past or the future. We hardly ever think of the present; and when we do think of it, we only do so while laying out our plans for the future. The present time is never our object. The past and the present are our means; but the future is our object. Thus we never live, but we mean to live: and always hoping to be happy, it is very sure that we shall never be so, unless we strive for some other happiness than this life can bestow.

12. From thinking always of it, time seems to be so long, and from never thinking of it, eternity seems to be so short, that we make time eternity and eternity time.—Pascal.

To be perfect in our vocation is nothing else than to fulfil the duties and offices which our condition and state of life obligeth us to perform; and to accomplish them well, and only for the honour and love of God, referring them all to his glory. He who thus acteth, may be said to be perfect in his state of life, and a man according to the heart and the will of God.—S. Francis of Sales.

FÜHRICH THE PAINTER.*

"Führich ranks, and justly so, among the most distinguished artists of our time. Impressed with the great Christian principle, that religion is the mother of art, Führich is as simple as he is sublime in the conception and execution of his subjects."
—*History of Modern Art in Germany, by Count Athanase Raczinski.*

Most of our readers must have heard with interest, of the great re-action which religion through the influence of art, is now causing throughout Catholic Germany. It was about the year 1814, that this movement first realized itself; when Overbeck, the brothers Schadow, Roden, Muller de Cassel, Ruschwegh the engraver, Vogel of Dresden, and the learned F. Schlegal, abjured Protestantism to become Catholics. The holiest enthusiasm animated this little group of artists. Re-united and doubly connected with each other, in the centre of the Christian world, in the home and country of Faith and Catholic art; they caught up the spirit of the ancient masters at its fountain head, with that spiritualism of Christianity which had been so long abandoned by the German school.

Joseph Führich, the subject of our present notice, who is now one of the most celebrated chiefs of the young Christian school of Germany, arrived in Rome some time after the great act of abjuration, by which his compatriots had been received into the bosom of the Church. A Catholic by birth, and professing Catholicity in practice as well as theory, it was not to be expected, that his talent like theirs should undergo so profound a transformation. Catholic as he was, however, he had not entirely escaped the influence of modern ideas, nor the materialism, too generally imbibed in the scholastic course. For this reason did the study of antiquity, and the atmosphere of the Eternal City, work in Führich almost as great a change as in the newly-converted friends of Overbeck. He has lately been induced, at the earnest entreaty of some of his friends, to publish his auto-biography; and we think that our readers will be nearly as much interested as ourselves, in tracing the influence of Catholicity upon the genius of one of the most truly Christian artists of the age.

In the year 1800, a simple peasant of Kratzan in Bohemia, earned a modest subsistence for his family by the labour of his hands.—This honest indefatigable father was an artist; that is to say, an artist as far as a man can be, when the question is only to satisfy the rare demands of a populace, equally ignorant of luxury and wealth. He had, however, other branches of industry; he was an engraver and a gilder, as well as a painter, and in his leisure moments he cultivated a little field, the produce of which was not the least resource of his family. His wife, a model for housewives, was always calm, always mild, and always occupied. On the 9th of February in this same year 1800, a son was born to them, whose name, in baptism, was Joseph, after the Carpenter of Nazareth; whose humble lot he seemed destined to partake. Scarcely had the early infancy of the future painter merged into childhood, when he began with all his little means to help his father, and to familiarise himself if not with art, at least with the accessories of art, the trade and mechanical part; for the ideal was yet to follow in its own good time. One day Joseph began to consider, with more than childish interest, two engravings after Rubens, and a pictorial Bible, which his father possessed: he had often seen them before, but it was the first time that he had considered them, and for him it was the first revelation of art. After this his dreams were long and ardent; the artistic spirit had been awakened within him, and it could not lack nourishment in such a mind as his. The life of young Führich was, as will be readily believed, simple enough. After the great feasts of the year, which long before he understood their sense had always filled him with enthusiasm, his greatest delights were confined to a walk in the country with his father. In proportion, however, as the child advanced in age, his knowledge and his labours advanced also. Sometimes he went to paint a wardrobe or a bedstead, for a cabinet-maker; sometimes he followed his father into a neighbouring village to ornament the chamber and furniture of some young bride; anon he learnt to decorate with angels' heads the cradle of a new-born infant, or to trace in sombre colours the image of the Crucified upon the coffins of the departed.

"I felt then," he says, "the sweet consolation inspired me, by the conviction that I was of some use to my family, and of some help to my father. Such an artistic education as mine would make one of our *beaux esprits* shrug their shoulders for very pity; but I return thanks to Heaven, and my good father who gave it, for I know what it has been worth to me."

But in devoting himself to these humble occupations, it must be remembered that Führich never lost sight of that æsthetic perfection, which seemed to hover before his eyes and to surround him with its mystic rays. Towards the end of a summer which had brought little employment, his father granted the happiness his son had so long sighed for; he confided to him the care of a little flock.

"How happy was I then!" cries Führuch. "Stretched upon the grass, I, admired all day the rich and varied landscape, which spread itself beneath me, and the floating clouds, whose mysterious shadows were prolonged upon the valleys and the mountain tops. I listened to the voices of the winds and the forests; to the distant chant of the shepherds, the bleating of the flocks, the tinkling of their little bells, and the murmur of the rippling brooks. Then I peopled the empty space with fantastic creations, taken from the dreams of my childhood. Wonderful images floated in and around me. Solitude spoke an eloquent language to me. Then, it is true, I understood it not, but now, in my riper years, it becomes intelligible to me."

Such was the nature amid which Führich grew up.

* Translated from the "*Correspondent*," a recently-established French periodical.

But this is not all. These happy countries, faithful to Catholicity, have preserved with their Faith, the *naïve* poetry of their religious worship, the grandeur of which is so mysterious, and the effect so irresistible, in the midst of solitude.

"I can still recall with emotion," says Führich, "all my enthusiastic feelings, when on going out with my father at break of day, I perceived across the golden mists of morning the myriads of brilliant pearls which strewed the mantle of Nature, and glittered upon her trembling flowers. A cross by the way-side would present itself, and suddenly my father on his knees, and with uncovered head, pronounced in a low voice this prayer, 'We implore thee, O Lord Jesus, who hast delivered the world by thy Holy Cross.'—Often in this holy presence, after adoring the sign of purest love, and bitterest sorrow, my father would speak of the gratitude we owed our Blessed Lord.—At other times, we met a chapel of our Lady, and then my Father repeated an Ave. He called her Our Mother; and placed under her protection the good, and the unfortunate, and the little ones, and all of us. At this period, I hardly appreciated the impression these scenes made upon my mind; it is only of late years, when the world and my studies began to carry me away, that they came back to my mind and recalled me to myself, like some cherished friend whose loved voice would say, 'Beware!' Sometimes they appeared in the midst of a joyous society, or on the return from a party of pleasure, in some place of amusement or diversion. Then I thought of my father, of his conversation always simple and instructive, of our walks in the valley, of our evening's rest, and of the peasants, peacefully seated before their cottages, who greeted us with the beautiful welcome, 'Jesus be praised.' To which my father's reply was ever, 'In all eternity!' Then the distant pealing of the Angelus bell was heard, and we walked along reciting the Angelical Salutation. Soon the spire of our little town rose before us, dim through the summer evening twilight; a light glittered here and there in the distance, and we were folded in the arms of my mother, who came affectionately to meet us. Once arrived at home, it was my turn to be spokesman; proudly seated before our evening meal, I related the adventures of the day. Such were the little incidents, such the reminiscences of my childhood, which have frequently rushed to my mind, under very altered circumstances, and in very opposite positions."

Thus did young Führich's simple education prepare him to become the religious and inspired painter, of whom Germany is now so justly proud. All that he undertook, during these years of calm and holy youth, was directed to some pious end. Each division of the year was confounded in his mind with the corresponding feasts of the Church. From his earliest childhood he was accustomed to make a little crib at Christmas time, and the first essay of his budding talent was a roughly sketched cradle. It was not possible, that so rare a devotion to painting as Führich's should pass unnoticed: accordingly we find, that in 1818 he was admitted in the Academy of Prague, upon the recommendation of Count Christian de Clam-Gallas, Lord of Kratzau; and that he immediately commenced the study of historical painting, under Professor Bergler, Director of the Academy. About this time, a work of Wackenroder's, upon the effusions of a religious lover of art, fell into his hands, and the picture it gave of the lives of the ancient German painters, together with an extract from the journal of Albert Durer, inspired him with an ardent desire to know more of the works of the severe Christian school, especially the productions of his own countrymen. For six months he longed without being able to gratify his desires: at length, however, as he one day expressed his great wish, to learn something of the early German masters, he was overheard by a librarian, who offered to lend him a large book full of engravings from Albert Durer. The joy which Führich felt at this offer, and the eagerness with which he accepted it, stamped the moment in his memory, as one of the most decisive of his artistic life.

"It was upon Twelfth-day;" he tells us, "towards evening, that I received this book, which was to be to me the very book of destiny. Abroad, the night was a dreary one; the wind roared, and the snow fell; within my little room, all was calm and peaceful. I sat down in recollection and solitude; with a sort of thrill of pious veneration I opened the volume. At first, I gazed, and scarce dared believe my eyes; I looked and looked again, an unknown world sprang into life before me. 'Behold,' I exclaimed, 'Painting in its infancy! Art in its cradle!'"

Besides other engravings from Durer, this book contained his great picture of St. Christopher, at the moment when spent with fatigue the Saint comes from the water, leaning upon his staff, and bearing upon his muscular shoulders the precious burden of the Infant Jesus. The impression produced upon Führich by this engraving must have been of the deepest kind; and the traces of his meditations upon it may be discerned long afterwards, in a painting he produced upon his return from Rome, called St. Christopher carrying the Saviour. To return to the auto-biography:

"I was prepared to find great defects in the form, if not in the ideal of ancient art; and to my astonishment there rose up before me, a form in complete harmony with the moral sense it was charged to represent;—this sense, based on one side upon religion, on the other upon nationality, and the personification completed by the union of the two. It is true, this form was directly opposed to that admired by the calumniators of our great ancestors; whose ideal of beauty was an insipid uniformity, an awkward imitation of classic antiquity; whereas the strength of ancient art lies in its strict truthfulness and its deep expression. * * * * * * * * * * As yet, I had never studied draperies, for those exaggerated ornaments which without grace or imagination just cover the members, and fall in regular folds about the body, barely deserve the name of drapery. The Christian Angels, I now beheld in the place of winged Cupids, and of the

bastard world of unclothed nymphs and spirits, appeared to me like messengers from heaven, sent to denounce our depravity. Each holy personage preserved the saintly dignity and gravity of his character; even down to what we call accessories, there was nothing out of keeping, nothing unnecessary. Through the study of ancient plastic art, I was led to that of architecture, and the riches Prague possesses in remains of this kind, furnished me with a new proof of the profound religious spirit of our national antiquity. All these impressions, all these dawnings of knowledge, which I directed my most strenuous efforts to perfect, soon formed themselves in my mind into one single image or personification of the Middle Ages, in all their strength and piety; a personification which the miserable short-comings of the modern school only served to colour with brighter hues. To celebrate, then, by music and painting these glorious days of old, to re-kindle among our contemporaries some desire of reviving their ancient grandeur, seems to me the noblest mission of art in our days. With these feelings I grew romantic, and my compositions for the history of Bohemia, lithographed partly by myself, may be considered in several different lights, as the first manifestations of my new tendency."

At this time, Führich's pictures of St. Bernard's Dream, and St. Catharine in the midst of the doctors at Alexandria, won him great renown; but his designs for the Pater Noster, and for Tieck's Geneviêve, were still more admired. All the elegant world of Vienna went to see them, and a number of the highest Austrian aristocracy subscribed to furnish the artist with the means of studying at Rome. He went there towards the close of 1826; and almost immediately contracted a close friendship with Overbeck. His sojourn in Rome was, as might be expected, an uninterrupted succession of intellectual conquests; nothing escaped him. The sublime beauty with which the entire existence of the church is clothed, and particularly the celebration of her Sacred Mysteries, for which she calls in the co-operation of art, deeply impressed him with the seal of her universal character. And this principle he recognized as fully beneath the slender ornaments and humble services of the village church, as in the splendid ceremonial of the Roman worship which surrounds the seat of St. Peter. "Albeit there," to use his own words, "in the heart of Christendom, the pulse beats quickest." Rome, in fact, became to Führich a second country; when the time arrived for quitting it, his emotions were profound and his resolutions grave and fervent. "The indescribable majesty of Rome," says the auto-biography, "in its glorious *tout ensemble*, as in its least details, appeared to me as it had never done before, in one last *coup d'œil*. And was I to tear myself from it all? Alas! it was even so. To re-trace what I then felt would be now impossible. It seemed to me, nevertheless, that in quitting the Eternal City, I did not lose it like a Protestant or an Infidel. 'Be constant to thy Faith,' I said inwardly, 'live according to the precepts of thy religion, and thou shalt carry Rome in thy heart whithersoever thou goest. Dost thou not return, too, into thy own Catholic country, subject to a Catholic king? Rome, then, is thine, it belongs to thee still in the highest sense of the word.'"

In the spring of 1834, Führich was called to Vienna, and placed under the protection of Prince Metternich at the academy of that city, as second *custode* of the Lamberg Gallery. He has since received the title of Professor of Historical Painting, and in that capacity has gathered around him a group of young pupils who give the most favourable promises of future excellence.

ON COMMEMORATING THE DEATH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

Written on Good Friday during a visit to Lisbon.

While India's first conquerors deeply mourn for Thee,
While Frank and the Grecian bow lowly before Thee,
Shall Albion! my country! unbended stand o'er Thee,
And forget that Thou diedst for her!

While sadly in mourning Spain's bright banners are rent,
Francia's commerce suspended, her ships' arms are bent,
Shall England stand proudly, and never relent?
For her Saviour died also for her.

No! forbid it, High Heaven! in pity look down,
And remember the souls this dire death made Thy own;
O remember! remember my Saviour's last groan,
And bend Albion's heart for His fate!

HENRIOUS.

Carthage.—There has lately been discovered by accident among the ruins of Carthage, an episcopal ring, in very good preservation, made of pure gold, and about an ounce in weight; it is of an octagonal form; on one side is engraved the figure of Jesus Christ between the apostles Saint Peter and Saint John; on each of the other seven sides is represented one of the seven holy sacraments of the Catholic Church; round the ring is a legend composed of two lines in Greek characters, each preceded by a cross, and presumed to be a sentence from the scriptures.—*Gazette de France.*

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries: not from want of courage, where just occasions presented or called it forth. I know no man under whose arm I should sooner have taken shelter, nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness in his intellectual parts; he was of a peaceful placid nature, no jarring element in it, all was mixed up so kindly within him: my uncle Toby had scarcely a heart to retaliate upon a fly. "Go," says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time, and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last as it flew by him: "I'll not hurt thee," says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room with the fly in his hand:—"I'll not hurt a hair of thy head. Go," says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand, as he spoke, to let it escape; "go, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee! This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me."—STERNE.

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